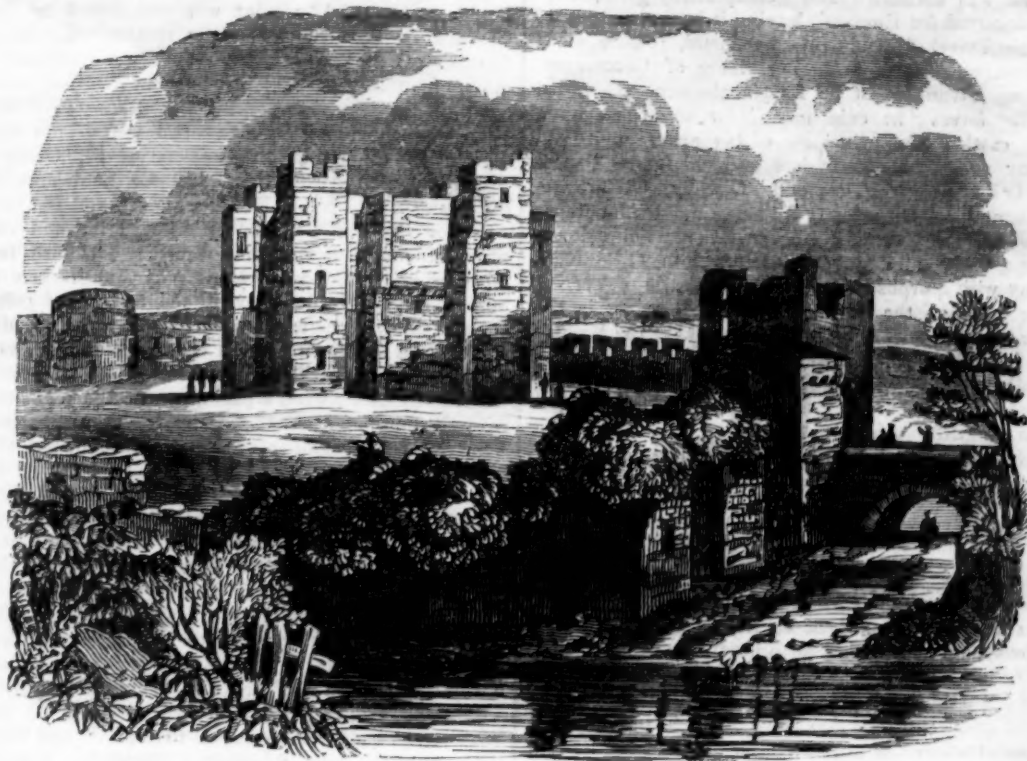




THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF TRIM, IN IRELAND.



RUINS OF KING JOHN'S CASTLE, TRIM, COUNTY OF MEATH.

TRIM is the capital of the county of East Meath, in the province of Leinster; it is situated in the parish of the same name, which is partly in the barony of Lower Moyfenragh, and partly in that of Upper Navan. It lies to the north-west of Dublin, from which it is distant thirty-two miles. It is built upon the banks of the river Boyne, and is surrounded by a productive and populous district. It formerly returned two members to the Irish parliament. The population of the town in 1831, was 2306, and that of the parish 2309. The trade carried on here is very trifling; a few persons are employed in the manufacture of ticken and woollen for home consumption.

Trim is remarkable for its ancient ruins; among them the castle is the most prominent, both from its dimensions, and its situation on the banks of the Boyne. It is said, indeed, to be the most spacious edifice of the kind, of which there are any remains in Ireland. Sir Richard Colt Hoare says, that it is almost the only building in that country, which deserves the appellation of *castle*, the generality of the structures so called, being in fact only small forts, resembling each other very much in their architecture.

The natives, (he says,) perhaps, whose eyes have not been so much accustomed as mine have, to view with

rapture the stately fabrics of Conway, Carnarvon, and Harlech, may think this remark fastidious; but, in comparison with the English, Welsh, and Scotch castles, and as far as my observation has extended in this country, I cannot allow it to be ill-founded.

The ruins are very considerable, and present an imposing appearance. They consist of a keep or citadel, enclosed by a curtain or bastions, and protected by a fosse, the whole occupying about four acres of land.

In the beginning of the year 1173, when Henry the Second departed from Dublin, on his return from the expedition which he had undertaken into that country in the year preceding, he gave Hugh de Lacy, one of the adventurers who had accompanied him, "the inheritance of all Meath to hold of him fifty knights' fees." Hugh de Lacy, in his turn, made a partition of this rich and extensive grant amongst divers of his friends and military companions; "unto his intrinsic friend," Hugh Tyrrel, as our authority styles him, he gave Castleknock*. After having thus bestowed his lands, he endeavoured by all possible means to strengthen himself with men and arms, "as well to defend himself as to annoy his enemies."

* This place is at present in the county of Dublin; so that the territory of Meath, in Henry's days, must have extended much further in that direction than the county of Meath now does.

His enemies were not behind-hand with him in this work; to "impeach his plantation," some three or four Irish "kyngs" invaded Meath with twenty thousand natives. "They burnt and spoiled all the countrey, and destroyed many of ther new-built forts and castles; but yet not without grete slaughter of the invaders."

Among the measures of Hugh de Lacy for strengthening his position in his newly-acquired territory, was that of building a strong castle at Trim, "invironed with a deep and lardge ditch;" and when this castle was furnished and "competently garnished," he departed for England, leaving it in the custody of Hugh Tyrrel, his "intrinsicke friend," before mentioned. Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, taking advantage of de Lacy's absence, assembled all the forces "he culd make" for an attack upon this castle; the principals of his army comprised many great "commaunders and chieftaines," such as O'Flahertie, M'Dermond, O'Kelly, O'Hartice, O'Himathie, O'Carbry, O'Flanagan, O'Manethan, O'Dude, O'Shafnes of Poltliban, &c., and half a dozen kyngs,—who all "put themselves into O'Connor's army with purpose to destroy the Castle of Trym." The issues of the adventure we shall relate in the words of our authority—"A Fragment of the History of Ireland by Maurice Regan, servant and interpreter to Dermont M'Murrough, King of Leinster, translated from the Irish into French, and from thence into English, by Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster,"—published by Harris in his *Hibernica*.

Hugh Tyrrel being advertised of their coming, dispatched messengers unto the Erle [Strongbow], beseeching hym to come to his aid; the Erle presently assembled his forces, and marched towards Trym. But Hugh Tyrrel seeinge the enemy at hand, and findinge himself too weake to make resistance agensit their multitudes, abandoned the castle and burned it. The Irish kyngs perceaveing that done to their handes, which they intended to have done by force, returned towards their own countries. The Erle upon his way meeting with intelligence that Trym was burned, marched on; and when he came thither, he neyther found castle nor house to lodge in; wherefore he made no staie, but pursued the enemy, and fell upon their reare, of whom one hundred and fifty were slaine; which done, he returned to Dublin, and Hugh Tyrrel to the ruined castle of Trym, to re-edifie the same before Hugh de Lacy his return out of England.

In the year 1220, the territory of Meath was much disturbed, by dissensions between Hugh de Lacy, the son and successor of the original possessor, and William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke. "Trim," says the historian Ware, "was besieged and brought to lamentable plight; and when the rage and fury of their broils were somewhat abated, to prevent the like in future, the Castle of Trim was built." The old castle, we must presume, had been again destroyed, or not repaired since it was burnt in the manner already related; whether the second castle was merely the old one restored, or a new one on a different site, we cannot tell. Sir Richard Colt Hoare says, that he does not know upon what ground this castle has been attributed to King John, by whose name it is commonly known; that monarch died in 1216, four years before it was erected. "But to King John, other residences have been with as much impropriety attributed, as I have instanced in my notes on the building at St. David's in Wales, vulgarly called King John's Hall."

At the close of the fourteenth century, this castle was one of the strongest holds within the English pale. The sons of the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester were confined within its walls, by King Richard the Second; the former was afterwards unfortunately drowned on his passage to England. In

the nineteenth year of that monarch's reign, Roger Mortimer had a special commission of lieutenancy for the provinces of Ulster, Connaught and Meath, and, in the next year was again constituted lieutenant of the whole realm. His son and heir, Edmund Mortimer, was also appointed lieutenant of Ireland; and according to Grose, this earl, in 1442, had the inheritance of Trim, and there died of the plague. In the years 1406 and 1416, two parliaments which had been called in Dublin, adjourned to Trim, and were holden in the Black Friary; tradition says, that in the same place, the first Irish parliament was holden. In 1459, a mint was established in the Castle of Trim, silver and brass money being there coined, by the king's order. In 1457, mention is made of another parliament being holden here; and again, in the years 1485, 1490, and 1493. In 1496, Trim was consumed by fire,—two years after the dissolution of the military society of St. George, which had been instituted in 1479, for the defence of the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Louth.

In the reign of Charles the First, Trim was the scene of much tumult and disorder. During the rebellion of 1641, it was surprised by the insurgents; but in the following year it was retaken by Sir Charles Coote. The fortifications were much decayed, and the old stone wall which encompassed it was in a very ruinous condition; it was through this wall that Sir Charles forced a passage. In the night the rebels attempted again to capture it; they advanced silently, to the number of three thousand, but the sentinel gave an alarm, and Sir Charles, "who on expeditions never went to bed," was instantly on horseback. He could only collect seventeen troopers; with these, however, he advanced to the gates, and charging the enemy, threw them into disorder, and compelled them to fly. Pursuing, unguardedly, in the dark, he received a mortal wound from a shot, fired either by his own or by the opposite party, but by which is unknown; he soon afterwards expired. "This end," says the historian, "had this gallant gentleman, whose very name was a terror to the Irish. His body was brought to Dublin, and there interred with great solemnity; floods of English tears accompanied him to the grave."

In 1647, during the civil war, the Castle of Trim was fortified, and made very strong; Colonel Fenwicke lay there with a regiment of foot, and some troops of horse. It was besieged by General Preston, but relieved by Colonel Jones. In 1649, it was taken from the Parliamentarians by Lord Inchiquin; in the following year the Royalists obtained possession of it, but they were dispossessed by Colonel Reynold and Sir Theophilus Jones.

It thus appears, that throughout the course of many successive centuries, the castle at Trim continued to be an important stronghold; and as such, it must have conferred a considerable degree of importance on the town. "But however important and strong this castle may have been considered, both in a military and in a civil light, the monastic establishments of the town and neighbourhood, presented themselves as rivals, if not in power, at least in riches." Archdall, in his *Monasticon Hibernicum*, mentions four religious houses; an Abbey of Canons Regular, a Gray Friary, a Dominican Friary, and a Priory of Cross-bearers,—as existing at Trim, besides a Nunnery, a Greek Church, and a Chantry.

The first mentioned of these establishments,—the Abbey of Canons Regular,—was founded so early as the year 432, by the celebrated St. Patrick; it was built on a piece of ground given for the purpose, by "Fethleimid, the son of Laoghaire, and grand-

son of Niall," and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. St. Patrick made his nephew, St. Lomann, bishop here: and the festival of this prelate is held on the 17th of February. St. Forcherne, grandson of King Loagar, having been baptized by St. Patrick in the year 432, succeeded St. Lomann at his dying request, but in three days after, surrendered the abbey to another; his festival is held on the 17th of February, and the 11th of October. This information is supplied by the annals of the abbey, which are regularly continued from the period to which it relates, down to the dissolution of the establishment in the reign of Henry the Eighth. From them we learn, that in the year 1108, "Connor O'Maglaghlin, assisted by the forces of Ulster, burnt the town of Trim, and above two hundred persons, then in the church, perished in the flames,"—that in 1127, "Connor, the son of Feargal O'Lochluein, and the northern forces, burnt the steeple and the church of this abbey, both of which were filled with unfortunate people, who had fled thither for safety,"—that Trim was consumed by fire in 1143,—that the town and abbey suffered from a conflagration in 1155,—and that Trim was again destroyed by fire in 1203. The abbey was rebuilt towards the close of the thirteenth century, by the family of Lacie, who filled it with canons regular; but the building which they erected was again destroyed by fire in 1368.

In the annals of this Abbey mention is made of its possessing one of those treasures which were so highly valued, because they were so abundantly profitable in the dark ages of superstition—a miraculous image. In the year 1444, it is recorded that "great miracles were said to have been wrought through the adoration paid to an image of the Blessed Virgin, which was preserved in this abbey; it restored eyes to the blind, tongues to the dumb, and limbs to the weak and decrepit;" and in 1464, it is said that "numerous miracles were wrought in this year by the aforesaid image." Another illustration of the system of fraud and superstition which prevailed in those ages, may be quoted from the same annals. We find it recorded, that in the year 1472, the twelfth of Edward the Fourth's reign, in the first parliament holden at Naas, an act was passed, confirming certain grants to the Abbey, "for the purpose of erecting and supporting a perpetual wax-light before the image of the Virgin in the church of the said house, and for supporting four other wax-lights before the said image on the Mass of St. Mary," and also a grant of "the sum of 10*l.*, to found a perpetual mass in the said house for the repose of the souls of his brother and progenitors," &c.

When the Reformation came, a death-blow was given to the grossest of these gainful impostures, and the wonderful image was unable to save itself from destruction. In the year 1538 it is recorded, that "the image of the Virgin Mary, so long preserved in this abbey, and so famous for its miracles, and the many pilgrimages and offerings made to it, was publicly burned in this year." (Finally came the dissolution of this with the other monastic establishments. On the 14th of November, in the thirty-fourth of King Henry the Eighth, this abbey, with all its appurtenances, lands, &c., in the county of Meath, were granted to Sir Anthony St. Leger, Knt., for a fine of one hundred marks, and a yearly rent of three shillings and fourpence. And again in the eighth of Queen Elizabeth, another part of the possessions of this abbey, in the county of Westmeath, was granted to Richard Slayne.

The only remains of this abbey are a conspicuous

fragment of the lofty square tower, usually called the "Yellow Steeple;" one half of this tower was demolished by Oliver Cromwell, against whom it was garrisoned, and held out a considerable time.

The Gray Friary, which we have mentioned, was dedicated to St. Bonaventure, and was generally called the Observantine Friary of Trim. Archdall says that it was originally founded by King John, though others say by the family of Plunket. A great part of the building fell down in the year 1330, in consequence of being undermined by the overflowing of the Boyne. It is now totally demolished, and the Sessions-house has been erected on part of its ancient foundation.

The Dominican Friary was situated near the gate leading to Athboy; it was founded in 1263 by Geoffrey de Geneville, Lord of Meath, who afterwards resigned the lordship, in 1308, in favour of the Lord Roger de Mortimer, the rightful heir, and entered himself a friar in the monastery which he had founded. It was in this abbey that the parliaments before mentioned were holden;—in one of them, that of 1446, it was enjoined, among other things, that the Irish should not wear shirts stained with saffron*.

The Priory of Cross-Bearers was founded by one of the Bishops of Meath, whose successors in the see were great benefactors to it. The building is said to have been a very magnificent one; and it has been thought probable, that some of the parliaments at Trim were holden in its great hall. The last prior, in company with all the brethren, "voluntarily," quitted this monastery, as Archdall says, on the 4th of February, in the twenty-seventh of King Henry the Eighth; its possessions then were a church and belfry, chapter-house, dormitory, hall, three chambers, a stone kitchen, stall, and cemetery; three gardens and an orchard within the precincts; four messuages, four gardens, sixty acres of arable land, three of meadow, and four of pasture, with the appurtenances in Trim, "which said messuages, gardens, and land, were found to be of the yearly value of 3*l.*, besides repairs."

There was an ancient church here, called the Church of the Greeks, "which may be some proof," says Archdall, "that the Grecians of old made a settlement in this kingdom,"—a point in Irish archaeology which has been the subject of some discussion. "I have met with few or no accounts in my reading," says Sir James Ware, "that the Grecians made any settlement in Ireland. I confess, indeed, that there remain some small traces of the ancient Grecians having been in this country,—in a church at Trim, in Meath, called *Græcorum Ecclesia*, 'The Church of the Grecians.'"

Half a mile below Trim, on the northern bank of the Boyne, are the very extensive ruins of the Priory of Newtown. It was founded about the year 1206, by Simon de Rochfort, Bishop of Meath, for canons regular of the congregation of St. Victor. The same prelate also erected the church into a cathedral, which he dedicated to the honour of St. Peter and St. Paul. The annals of this friary present us with an instructive example of the disorder of the monastic establishments in the dark ages. We give it in the words of Archdall, though the account does not seem very well connected.

In the year 1307 Richard Sweetman, the prior, was accused of inhumanly murdering Friar Robert Moody, a canon of this house, by stabbing him with a knife: he was also accused of assisting his brother, Robert Sweetman, to kill Friar Thunre, another canon. The prior pleaded that, as a

* Saffron being the ancient national colour.

clerk, he was not obliged to answer; whereupon Friar John, abbot of the monastery of the Virgin Mary at Trim, appeared as attorney for the Bishop of Meath, and claimed that the said prior should be delivered to him. And the said jury found that, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul last past, the Friars Robert, James, John, &c., were heard to murmur, that they were too much restrained by the prior; whereupon they secretly armed themselves with swords and other weapons, and having met after the evening collation, previous to their going to rest, they complained to each other of being too much confined by N—, and vowed they would have drink as formerly; they then went towards the gate, and meeting with —, abused and pursued him, who, falling through fright, they fell upon and used him with such inhumanity that he instantly died, Friar John Ballymore, on seeing these murderers escape, endeavoured to prevent them; but they attacked him, and with one blow of a sword nearly severed his head from his body; this happened at the cellar-door, which they had broken open.

This priory was suppressed in 1536 by parliament, and granted to Henry the Eighth. The prior ranked the third in dignity, and sat in the House of Lords.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

No. I.

"THE House I live in," is a curious building, one of the most curious in the world. Not that it is the largest, or the oldest, or the most beautiful, or the most costly; or that it has the greatest number of rooms, or is supplied with the most fashionable furniture. But it is nevertheless one of the most wonderful buildings in the world, on account of the skill and wisdom of the great Master Workman who planned it. You cannot view it closely in any part, without being struck with the wisdom which is there evinced; nor without feeling the mind elevated and improved by the contemplation of that goodness, which has provided everything so admirably contrived for the purposes intended to be fulfilled.

I have said that it is not the largest building in the world—very far indeed from that. There are very many buildings—mansions and factories, churches and cathedrals, castles and palaces—which are thousands, tens of thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of times greater than the House I live in; indeed, it can hardly be said, that in any country, barbarous or civilized, there is any human dwelling-place, from the hut of the savage to the regal mansion of the king, but what occupies a far greater space than the House I am about to describe to you. In truth, the latter is of very limited extent in any direction; for though it may be said to have two stories, with a cupola or dome added thereto, yet the whole seldom towers beyond the height of six feet.

It is not the oldest building in the world. The Pyramids of Egypt, erected 3000 years ago, are proud monuments of the architectural skill of the designers, and even yet seem to defy the hand of time. The sepulchral monuments lately discovered in Etruria; the splendid temples and other sacred edifices at Athens; the gigantic ruins of Palmyra, Luxor, and Karnac; the immense, and elaborately-constructed caverns of Elephanta, can all boast of a very high antiquity. Many churches, castles, and palaces, though with far less pretensions to age than the grand structures I have named, may yet claim an existence of several hundred years. Many bridges, too, and other buildings, now in the course of erection, are calculated to remain for ages to come; but the building about which I am going to tell you, is never of very long duration, as compared with others, and seldom remains longer than three-quarters of a century.

The House I live in is not without beauty; but its beauty is not of that kind for which the Temple of Solomon, in the days of its glory, was celebrated. Some, indeed, are of opinion that it is much more beautiful, but on this point I leave you to form your own opinion, when I have told you more about it.

Nor is it the most costly. Many palaces, cathedrals, and other edifices, have required very large sums of money to erect and furnish them; on the contrary, the House I live in, may be said to have scarcely cost me anything, for it was found ready to my hand. The necessary expense of keeping it in repair is but small, when the simple dictates of nature alone are fulfilled.

Nor does it contain the greatest number of rooms ever known in a building, though it may be said to contain a large number for so small a place. Perhaps it may be considered that there are fifteen or twenty. Many public buildings contain an infinitely greater number than this; and even houses of ordinary dimensions far exceed this amount.

As to the number of its occupants, it will hardly bear a comparison with any building; for, like the huts of some of the rude tribes of New Holland, it never accommodates more than one person—and that one is myself.

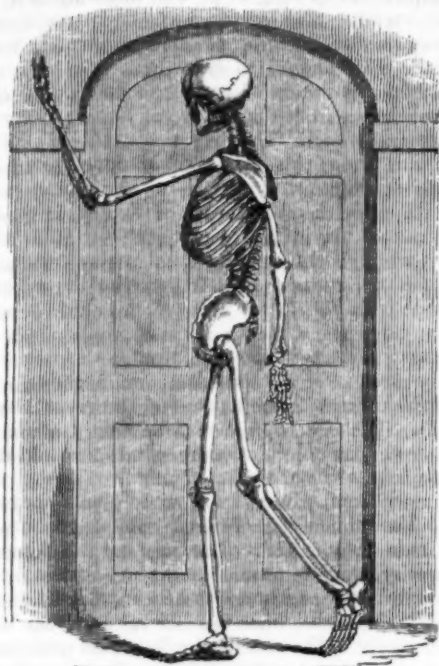
But even with the rude huts of the New Hollanders, the comparison will, as I have said, not hold good. They are made with the bark of a single tree, bent in the middle, and placed with its two ends on the ground. When one of the natives has taken up his abode in a hut of this kind as long as he has seen fit, he leaves it. He journeys to another place, and builds a new one, the old hut being taken possession of by any one who chooses to do so. Whereas I always carry my House with me wherever I go; in all countries, in all climates, in all seasons, my home is ready for my use. The House I live in is good for nothing to any one but to myself; and when I leave it, it will immediately fall into decay.

The furniture of the House I live in is not of the most fashionable appearance. Of this the reader can judge for himself, when he understands that it has been the same in kind, in figure, and in purpose, since my House was first designed. Fashion, you know, in general, is of a varying nature; and that which in one year is held in high estimation, becomes in the next of inferior value. But the furniture of my House, being at first admirably adapted to its wants, cannot require the slightest alteration. In Siam, the houses are frequently built on posts or pillars. This is because the country is low, and apt to be overflowed every year by the inundation of the rivers, and to build on high posts is the only way to secure them against these floods. In Venice and Amsterdam, also, the buildings are erected upon piles, to elevate and protect them from the inroads of the sea. My House, as you will see hereafter, stands on pillars, but these pillars are made for motion, and to enable the building to be transported to any place that may be desired. Whereas an Amsterdam or Venetian house, cannot be removed at all, and a Siamese house not without considerable injury.

The House I live in is, after all, most remarkable for its convenience; nothing could possibly so well answer my purpose. I have already told you, that it would be good for nothing to any other person. Your House, reader, may be as curious, as large, and even as commodious for you as mine is for me; but it would never answer my purpose at all, even if I had it in my power, to exchange with you.

In the progress of the following papers I shall give you many more particulars. I shall describe

to you, in the best way I can, the FRAME, the COVERING, the APARTMENTS, the FURNITURE, and the EMPLOYMENTS, of the House I live in; and shall briefly give you an account of the structure, uses, and abuses of each.

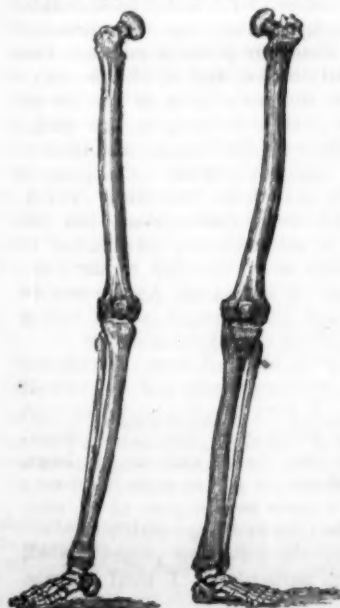


FRAME-WORK OF THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

A glance at this picture will at once unravel all the foregoing mysteries. The House I live in, is my body—the present habitation of my immortal spirit. I will first proceed to call your attention to the frame-work of my House, which consists of bones.

THE PILLARS.

The pillars are the bones of the lower extremity. Standing by themselves, as they do in the next engraving, and detached from all their connexions, you may be apt to think that they are not well proportioned; but, conjoined with the rest of the building, they will appear very differently.



The lower extremities of the human frame are commonly reckoned in three divisions; the thigh, the leg, and the foot. Besides these there is the knee-pan, or *patella*. Each thigh has one bone, each leg two, and each foot twenty-six.

Besides these—fifty-eight in the whole in both legs—and the two *patellas* or *patellæ*, there are in some people, at the largest joint of the great toe, one or two small bones, having a slight re-

semblance to the knee-pan, or *patella*. They are called *sesamoid* bones, because they have been supposed to resemble the seeds of the *sesamum*, a wild eastern plant.

THE THIGH-BONE.

The bone of the thigh is called the *femur*. It is the longest bone in the whole human frame. At its upper end, where it is connected with the hip-bone, is a round knob or head. This head fits into a corresponding hollow, or cavity, of that bone, and is fastened there in a way which will be described in another place.

THE LEG.

The lower end of the *femur* joins with, or rather rests upon, the large bone of the leg. The leg below the knee consists of two bones. The *tibia* (so called because it resembles a tube, or pipe, or, as some have imagined, a hautboy,) is much the largest. The other is called the *fibula*. They are so placed that the *fibula* is on the outside. Where the *tibia* and the *femur* meet, they form what is called a *hinge joint*, which means a joint that will only allow of motion backwards and forwards in one direction, like a door on its hinges.

THE KNEE-PAN.

On the fore-part of this lower extremity, where the *femur* meets the *tibia* and *fibula*, to form the knee-joint, the *patella* or knee-pan is placed. This is a round, flat bone, not joined to the other bones, but lying very closely upon them, and kept in its place by what are called *tendons*. You may see a little how this bone looks in the last engraving; but I here present you with a picture of it, on a larger scale.

Although this bone might seem at first view almost useless, yet it serves many important purposes; and there is scarcely a bone in the body but might be spared as well, if not better, than this.



THE FOOT.

The bones of the foot have a general resemblance to the bones of the hand, which I shall describe fully in another place. But they differ from those of the hand in several important particulars.

The foot is composed of twenty-six little bones, strongly fastened together by gristles and ligaments. These ligaments yield, when we bear upon the foot, just enough to enable it to conform to the surfaces on which we tread. If the foot consisted of one solid bone, it would not yield or spring at all; and it would be liable to be broken when we jump or fall on our feet. Think how clumsy a wooden foot would be! and one of solid bone would be nearly the same thing.

ARCH OF THE FOOT.

The arching of the foot is a singular contrivance. It is very much like the arch of a bridge, upon its two abutments. I will explain.

In the following engraving, the foot is not placed flat down upon the ground, but in the position it takes when we walk, and are just setting it down. Then, as may be seen by the two lines drawn, it descends in a semicircle from the point of the heel. The lowest extremity of the heel, and the ball of the great toe, may be considered as the abutments of the arch, while the bones of the instep form the arch itself.



You may easily perceive, by lashing a strip of wood to the bottom of the foot, how awkwardly we should feel if we were obliged to walk with a *flat* foot. It is quite evident there would be no *spring* when we tread on it; we could hardly walk, run, leap, or swim at all.

The heel is not exactly under the leg, but runs back something like a spur, and is fastened to the main body of the foot by a very firm but springy (elastic) joint. On this account, when we walk, (the heel being thus projecting, and having a great deal of elasticity,) we put it down first, and the whole weight of the body does not come down with a jolt, which it would otherwise do, but more gently.

Taken altogether, the foot is a most admirable contrivance. It is, indeed, arched *both* ways; from the toes to the heel, and from side to side. Little, if any, of the middle part of the foot touches the ground at all. There is, however, a trifling difference in the form of feet; some persons have them much flatter than others; though all people have the soles of their feet considerably less arched than is shown in the plate, on account of the muscles, tendons, blood-vessels, &c., which in a great degree fill up the hollow.

I have said that the human foot is a most admirable contrivance; and it is so. There is nothing like it to be found among the other animals, though we find wonders there also. When we examine the foot of the camel, the elephant, the horse, the dog, the cat, or the bird, we are struck with the wisdom of the Creator, in adapting their feet in so remarkable a manner to the sort of life they are destined to lead. The foot of the camel is so formed, that it does not sink deeply into the sand on which it travels. The horse, indeed, could not travel much in the deep sands of Arabia, his foot being more elastic, and adapted for firmer ground; it is, in fact, so very elastic, that those who *shoe* the horse find it necessary to make the shoe as narrow around the edge as possible, so that the iron may not press upon the softer and more elastic part of the foot inside the hoof.

THE ANKLE.

BETWEEN the lower ends of the tibia and fibula, and the bones of the foot, are seven short bones, not unlike those of the wrist in shape, but rather larger. Of these you will get a tolerable idea, when I come to describe the bones of the upper extremities.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY COMPARED.

THE end which the great Lord Bacon proposed to himself, was the multiplying of human enjoyments, and the mitigating of human sufferings. The ancient philosophy disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime, that they never could be more than theories; in attempts to solve insoluble enigmas, in exhortations to the attainment of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings. All the schools regarded that office as degrading; some censured it as immoral. Once, indeed, Posidonius, a distinguished writer of the age of Cicero and Cæsar, so far forgot himself, as to enumerate among the humbler blessings which mankind owed to philosophy, the discovery of the principle of the arch, and the introduction of the use of metals. This eulogy was considered as an affront, and was taken up with proper

spirit. Seneca vehemently disclaims these insulting compliments. Philosophy, according to him, has nothing to do with teaching men to rear arched roofs over their heads*. "The true philosopher does not care whether he has an arched roof or any roof. Philosophy has nothing to do with teaching men the uses of metals. She teaches us to be independent of all material substances, of all mechanical contrivances." He labours to clear Democritus from the disgraceful imputation of having made the first arch, and Anacharsis from the charge of having contrived the potters' wheel. The business of these philosophers was to declaim in praise of poverty with two millions sterling out at usury,—to meditate epigrammatic conceits about the evil of luxury, in gardens which moved the envy of sovereigns,—to rant about liberty, while fawning on the insolent and pampered freedman of a tyrant,—to celebrate the divine beauty of virtue with the same pen, which had just before written a defence of the murder of a mother by a son.

From the cant of this philosophy—a philosophy meanly proud of its own unprofitableness,—it is delightful to turn to the lessons of the great English teacher. The philosophy which he taught was essentially new. Its object was the good of mankind, in the sense in which the mass of mankind always have understood, and always will understand the word *good*. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy, was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be a man. The aim of the Platonic philosopher was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble; but the latter was attainable. Ask the follower of Bacon, what the new philosophy, as it was called in the time of Charles the Second, has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready. It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendour of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea; to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land on cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which sail against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruit. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained it, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which was yesterday invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-post to-morrow.

* Seneca, Epist. 90.
[Edinburgh Review.]

AFFECTION can withstand very severe storms of rigour, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EVIL INCLINATIONS.—The first step to misery is to nourish in ourselves an affection for evil things; and the height of misfortune is to be able to indulge such affections.—St. AUGUSTINE—*Book of the Fathers*.

EMBLEMS.

As evening cloud in brief suspense,
Was hither driven and thither;
It came I know not whence,
It went I know not whither:
I watched it changing in the wind,
Size, semblance, shape, and hue,
Fading and lessening, till behind
It left no speck in heaven's deep blue.

Amidst the marshalled host of night,
Shone a new star supremely bright;
With marvelling eye, well-pleased to err,
I hailed the prodigy;—anon
It fell;—it fell like Lucifer,
A flash, a blaze, a train,—'twas gone!
And then I sought in vain its place
Throughout the infinite of space.

Dew-drops, at day-spring, decked a line
Of gossamer so frail, so fine,
A fly's wing shook it; round and clear,
As if by fairy-fingers strung,
Like orient pearls, at Beauty's ear,
In trembling brilliancy they hung
Upon a rosy brier, whose bloom
Shed nectar round them, and perfume.
Ere long, exhaled in limpid air,
Some mingled with the breath of morn,
Some slid down singly, here and there,
Like tears, by their own weight o'erborne;
At length the film itself collapsed, and where
The pageant glittered, lo! a naked thorn.
What are the living? Hark! a sound
From grave and cradle crying,
By earth and ocean echoed round,—
"The living are the dying!"

From infancy to utmost age,
What is man's line of pilgrimage?
The pathway to Death's portal;
The moment we begin to be,
We enter on the agony;—
The dead are the immortal;
They live not on expiring breath,
They only are exempt from death.

Cloud-atoms, sparkles of a falling star,
Dew-drops, or films of gossamer, we are:
What can the state beyond us be?
Life?—Death?—Ah! no—a greater mystery;—
What thought hath not conceived, ear heard, eye seen;
Perfect existence from a point begun;
Part of what God's eternity hath been;
Whole immortality belongs to none
But HIM, the First, the Last, the Only One.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

VIRTUE.—What we ought to understand by the term virtue, is the complete assemblage of every virtuous qualification; for, as a royal diadem admits only, in the circle of ornaments that compose it, diamonds and the most precious stones, so the word virtue implies the union of all that is virtuous. Take away a single attribute, and you destroy the whole; it is no longer virtue that remains.—**ST. EPHRAIM**—*Book of the Fathers*.

THOSE men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, and an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.—**SHERLOCK**.

THERE is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.—**BACON**.

THE aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think,—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—**BEATTIE**.

THE cup of flattery, if it does not, like that of Circe, reduce man to the level of beasts, is sure, if eagerly drained, to bring the best and the ablest down to that of fools.—**SIR WALTER SCOTT**.

POPULAR LEGENDS AND FICTIONS.

No. XIII.

FAIRY SUPERSTITIONS.

THE most beautiful and interesting relic of that popular creed of superstition which characterized the "olden time,"—says a modern writer,—“was the belief in fairies, and in no part of the world was this belief more fondly cherished, than upon the Western borders of Scotland. The idea of a diminutive though elegant race of beings, endowed with supernatural gifts, is, perhaps, common to most nations; but none have arrayed them in so thoroughly an animated and joyous spirit, as the dwellers in that land of romance and chivalrie. It is here that we contemplate them as links in a golden chain connecting the mortal with a fancied immortal nature, and ponder over the tiny features and amusements of these visionary forms—the shadowy inhabitants of Fairy-land.

“Deprived of all that cruel and malignant ferocity which characterize the *Duergar*, the *Froddenskemen*, or the *Dives*, of boreal and oriental superstition, the border fairies were always dancing and making merry. No bloody or unhallowed rite ever seems to have marked their revels, and garrulous old age still loves to dwell upon the friendly deeds and intercourse of their 'gude neighbours,' the elves and fairies. Arrayed in green, they assembled under the beams of the midnight moon, on the side of some fine sloping lawn, on the banks of a solitary rivulet, or in the enchanting seclusions of a woody girdled dell, there to mystic strains they bounded in their dance, or passed the moments in sportive merriment and in song. This custom is finely alluded to by *Scotia's* bard, in his inimitable poem of 'Hallowe'en'—

Upon that night when *fairies* light,
On Cassels downan's dance,
Or o'er the leys in splendid blaze,
On jingling coursers prance.

“Their little coursers are represented as being decked out in gorgeous trappings,—fine silver bells suspended from each band of the plaited mane, which ring with every breath of wind, making the most enchanting harmony, as they rode in procession to their nocturnal haunts. They were always of exquisite proportions, and beautiful in the extreme. Their ringlets of yellow hair floated over their shoulders, and were bound over their brows with combs of the purest gold. Their dress consisted chiefly of a mantle of green silk, inlaid with eider-down, and bound round the waist with a garland of wild flowers. Green trews, buttoned with blobs 'o'gems, and silver sandals, formed the under parts of their dress; over their shoulders hung quivers of the adder-skin, stored with arrows tipped in flame. A golden bow slung negligently over the left arm, and little scymitars of the same metal glittered at their sides. The dress and appearance of these tiny revellers is finely portrayed in the following beautiful stanzas:—

Tiny their stature, tiny each feature,
Yet are they graceful and fair;
Their eyes sparkle bright, as diamonds at night,
And a strange lustre darts through the air.

Little bells of heath form the simple wreath,
That round their shoulders twines,
And a thread of light in the girdle bright,
That their flowing robe confines.

All sparkled with dew, that robe of green hue,
It was wove in the gossamer's loom;
Their purple wings shine of net-work as fine,
In the moon-beam distilling perfume.

With gold hair is slung, with gold hair is hung,
O'er their left arms a golden bow;
And an arrow tipt with green of a dazzling sheen,
In a gold quiver hangs below.

"Thus accoutred, they mounted on steeds fleetier than the wind, whose hoofs of viewless print would not dash the dew from the king-cup, or bend the stalk of the tenderest fern. Attached to particular spots, which had been held as sacred in the annals of Fairy-land, they never exchanged them for others, unless disturbed by the encroachments of mortal habitation, or torn up by the all-devastating ploughshare."

Among the popular fairy-tales with which the western parts of Scotland abound, the following deserve a place. During the "Dear years," at the commencement of the last century, an honest farmer in the parish of Douglas, who had been reduced by the badness of the seasons from *beeness* to poverty, was about to return homewards one morning from the fields in despair, having sown what little seed he had, which was not nearly so much as the ploughed land required. While pondering, not knowing what to do, he imagined that he heard a voice behind him saying,—

Tak'—an' gie
As gude to me.

He turned round, and perceived a large sack standing at the end of the field, which, when he had opened, he found to be full of the most excellent seed-oats. Without hesitation he sowed them; the *brained* was admirable, and the harvest no less luxuriant. The man carefully preserved the sack, and as soon as possible filled it full of the best grain that his field produced, and set it down on the spot on which he had received the fairy oats. A voice called to him,—

Turn roun' your back,
Whill I get my sack.

The farmer averted his face, and then immediately looked round, but all was gone. Things ever after prospered with him; for, according to the popular *law*,

Meddle and mell
Wi' the fien's o' hell,
An' a wierdless wicht ye'll be;
But tak and len,
Wi' the fairy men,
Ye'll thrive ay whill ye dee.

In the same dearth, and in the same parish, an old woman who was nearly "famishing" for hunger, having tasted no food for two or three days, was one morning astonished to find her *bigonet*, a kind of coif, which she had hung upon her bedside, full of oatmeal. This seasonable supply she attributed to some of her benevolent neighbours, who she imagined had been wishing to give her a little surprise. Notwithstanding the care, however, with which she husbanded her meal, it by and by was expended, and she was again almost reduced to *starvation*. After passing another day without food, her *bigonet* was again replenished, which was regularly done whenever the supply was exhausted, always allowing her to remain one day without food.

Her *bigonet* was filled so regularly, that at last the old woman became secure, and presumed upon the generosity of the invisible supporter. She one day baked the whole of her supply into cakes, and having by some means or other procured a little *kitchen* (butchers' meat), she invited her gossips to a treat. The cakes were lying spread on Nannie's table, and the guests were just going to fall to, when, to their utter astonishment, they beheld the cakes of their own accord turn upside down; and every one of them became a large withered *kail-blade*. At the same time, a voice as loud as thunder uttered these words to the terrified Nannie:—

Never mare
O' mine ye's share,
But want and wae
Till your deen day!

The guests fled the house as fast as possible, and Nannie became a poor deaf object, driven by poverty to beg from door to door*.

Both the good and the bad fairies used to recruit their numbers by carrying off children, or young men and women. The malignant race delighted in spurting away the unbaptized offspring (for it was only over these that they had any power,) of affectionate parents, particularly when heirs, that they might produce as much mischief and vexation as possible; while the benignant fairies never took any recruits but the orphans of pious parents, who had no protectors, or were oppressed by cruel and unjust guardians. Such *protégées*, or rather naturalized fairies, were permitted twice to resume their original state, and appear to their kindred and acquaintance. The first time was at the end of seven years, when, if they had been children when they were taken away, they appeared to their nearest relatives, and declared to them their state, whether they were pleased with their condition as fairies, or wished to be restored to that of men. If they had been boys or girls when they were removed from this middle earth, and had by this time grown to men or women, they always appeared to persons of a different sex to themselves, with whom they had fallen in love, declared their state and passion, and, according to circumstances, either wished their lovers to accompany them to Fairy-land, or suggested to them a method whereby to recover them out of the hands of their Elfish lords.

The second appearance, at the end of fourteen years, was for the same purposes, and on this occasion, they were either rescued from the power of the fairies, or confirmed under their dominion for ever.

When the bad fairies carried off a child, they always left one of their own numbers in its place, generally described in the language of the country as an *ill-faur'd wauchie wandocht of a creatur*. This equivocal creature was always distinguished by being insatiable for food, and if kept, seldom failed to suck its supposed mother into a consumption.

Whenever a family suspected that a child had been changed for a fairy, they had recourse to the following strange, but, in the opinion of the country, infallible ordeal. A sufficient quantity of *slaughter-fail* was parted from the eastern side of a hill, with which all the windows, doors, and every aperture through the house, excepting the chimney, were built up. A large fire was then made of peats, and the supposed fairy, wrapped in the sheets or blankets of the woman's bed, was laid on the fire when it was at the briskest, while one of the bystanders repeated—

Come to me
Gin mine ye be;
But gin ye be a fairy wicht,
Fast and flee till endless nicht.

If the child actually was the woman's, it instantly rolled off the fire upon the floor; but, if it was a fairy, it flew away up the chimney with a tremendous shriek, and was never more seen, while the real infant was found lying upon the threshold.

In Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, there is a very interesting memoir on this branch of Scottish mythology.

* The fate of mendicants at that period was hard indeed, for instead of a handful of oatmeal, the usual alms in the farm-houses of the south-western counties of Scotland, a beggar received nothing but a *kail-custock*, or *pen*, that is, the thick rib up the middle of the colewort stalk.

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